Programmes - Sheffield (music) K

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SHEFFIELD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE

GENERAL INFIRMARY.

Under the Patronage of

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.
HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF EFFINGHAM.
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE EARL FITZWILLIAM.

AND

The following Truſtees of the Charity:—

Reverend James Wilkinſon.		Thomas Walker, Eſq.
C. H. Rodes, Eſq.		Richard Swallow, Eſq.
Samuel Shore, Junior, Eſq.		Thomas Rawſon, Eſq.
Vincent Eyre, Eſq.		Thomas Holy, Eſq
G. B. Greaves, Eſq.		John Browne, M. D.

The Second Performance at the Church,

On Wedneſday, the 16th of October, 1800,

CONSISTING OF

A GRAND SELECTION,

IN THREE PARTS.

SHEFFIELD:

Printed at J. Northall's Office, No. 10, Change Alley.

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THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF FITZWILLIAM.
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE EARL MANVERS.

AND

The following Members of the Clergy:—

Reverend James Wilkinson.	Thomas Walker, Esq.
C. H. Rodes, Esq.	Richard Swallow, Esq.
Samuel Shore, Junior, Esq.	Thomas Rawlon, Esq.
Vincent Eyre, Esq.	Thomas Wale, Esq.
C. R. Greaves, Esq.	John Brown, M. D.

The Second Performance of the Oratorio,

On Wednesday, the fifteenth October, 1800,

CONSISTING OF

A GRAND SELECTION,

IN THREE PARTS.

SHEFFIELD:

Printed by J. Montgomery, Office, No. 10, Church Alley.

SELECTION.

PART I.

OVERTURE.—ESTHER.

INTRODUCTION AND CHORUS.—*Joshua.*

YE ſons of Iſrael, every tribe attend,
Let grateful ſongs and hymns aſcend,
In Gilgal and on Jordan's banks proclaim,
One firſt, one great, one Lord Jehovah's name.

SONG.—MRS. SECOND.—*Judas.*

Pious Orges, pious airs,
Decent ſorrows decent prayers;
Will to the Lord aſcend and move his pity and regain is love.

CHORUS.

O Father whoſe almighty pow'r,
The heav'ns and earth and ſeas adore.
The hearts of Judah, thy delight,
In one defenſive band unite.
And grant a leader bold and brave,
If not to conquer, born to ſave.

SONG.—MR. NIELD.—TIME AND TRUTH.

Pleaſure my former ways reſigning,
To Virtue's cauſe inclining,
Thee, Pleaſure now I leave,
Leſt when my ſpirits fail me,
Repentance can't avail me,
Nor ſickneſs comfort give.

DUET AND CHORUS.—MRS. SECOND AND MRS. SHEPLEY.—*Judas Maccabeus*

O never, never bow we down
To the rude ſtock or ſculptur'd ſtone:
But ever worſhip Iſrael's God,
Ever obedient to his awful nod.

CHORUS.

We never, never will bow down,
To the rude ſtock or ſculptur'd ſtone,
We worſhip God, and God alone.

SONG.—MR. MEREDITH.—*Joshua.*

Shall I in Mamre's fertile plain
The remnant of my days remain;
And is it given to me to have
A place with Abraham in the grave?
For all theſe mercies I will ſing,
Eternal praiſe to Heav'n's high King.

CHORUS.

For all theſe mercies we will ſing
Eternal praiſe to Heav'n's high King.

SONG.—MRS. SHEPLEY.—*Esther.*

Praiſe the Lord with chearful noiſe,
Wake my glory, wake my lyre;
Praiſe the Lord each mortal voice,
Praiſe the Lord ye heav'nly choir.
Zion now her head ſhall raiſe,
Tune your harps to ſongs of praiſe.

CHORUS.—*Israel.*

Sing unto God, an high affection raiſe,
To crown this conqueſt with unmeaſur'd praiſe.

DOUBLE CHORUS.—ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

The Lord ſhall reign for ever and ever.

RECITATIVE.—MRS. SECOND.

For the horſe of Pharaoh went in, with his chariots and with horſemen into the ſea, and the Lord brought again the waters of the ſea upon them; but the children of Iſrael went on dry land in the midſt of the ſea.

CHORUS.

The Lord ſhall reign for ever.

RECITATIVE.—MRS. SECOND.

And Miriam the propheteſs, the ſiſter of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances, and Mariam anſwered them.

CHORUS.

Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed glorioufly. The Lord ſhall reign for ever and ever. The horſe and his rider hath he thrown into the ſea.

PART II.

OVERTURE.—SAUL.

CHORUS.—*Saul.*

HOW excellent thy name, O Lord!
In all the world is known!
Above all heav'n's, O King! ador'd,
How haſt thou ſet thy glorious throne!

SONG.—MR. NIELD.

Jehovah is my ſhield my glory,
Him thro' my ſtory,
Th'exalter of my head I count;

Aloud I cry'd, He ſoon reply'd,
And heard me from his holy Mount;
I lay and ſlept, and wak'd again,
The Lord himſelf did me ſuſtain.

RECITATIVE.—MR. NIELD.

O thou bright Orb, great ruler of the day,
Stop thy ſwift courſe, and over Gibeon ſtay;
And oh! thou milder Lamp of light the Moon,
Stand ſtill, prolong thy beams in Ajalon.

CHORUS.

Behold the liſt'ning Sun the voice obeys,
And in mid heav'n his rapid motion ſtays;
Before our arms the ſcatter'd Nations fly,
Breathleſs they pant, they yield, they die.

RECITATIVE.—MRS. SECOND.—*Theodora.*

O! worſe than death indeed! lead me ye guard, lead me or to the rack or to the flames, I'll thank your gracious mercy.

SONG.

Angels, ever bright and fair!
Take, O take me to your care,
Speed to your own courts my flight,
Clad in robes of virgin white.

AIR AND CHORUS.—MR. NIELD.—*Joshua.*

Glory to God! the ſtrong cemented walls,
The tott'ring tow'rs the pond'rous ruin falls,
The nations tremble at the dreadful ſound,
Heav'n thunders, tempeſts roar, and groans the ground.

SONG.—MR. MEREDITH.—*(Calcoth.)*

Theſe, as they change, Almighty Father,
Theſe are but the varied God,
The rolling year is full of thee.
Forth in the pleaſing ſpring thy bounty walks,

Thy tenderneſs and love.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent;
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder ſpeaks!
In Autumn ſhines thy bounty unconfin'd,
And ſpreads a common feaſt for all that live.

SONG.

In Winter awful Thou—
With clouds and ſtorms around thee thrown,
Tempeſt o'er tempeſt roll'd; majeſtic darkneſs
On the whirlwinds wing riding ſublime.
Thou bidd'ſt the world adore,
And humbeſt Nature with thy northen blaſt.

DOUBLE CHORUS.—ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

He gave them hailſtones for rain; fire mingled with the hail ran along upon the ground.

PART III.

SONG AND CHORUS.—MR. MEREDITH.

To God our ſtrength ſing loud and clear,
To Jacobs God that all may hear,
Loud acclamations ring;
Prepare the hymn, prepare the ſong,
The cheerful pſaltry bring along,
And harp with pleaſant ſtring.

SONG—MR. BARBER. *Athalia.*

Gentle airs, melodious ſtrains,
Call for raptures out of woe;
Lull the regal mourner's pains,
Sweetly ſooth her as you flow.

TRIO.—MESSRS. NIELD, MEREDITH, AND ROBINSON.

Diſdainful of danger, we'll ruſh on the foe,
That Thy pow'r, O Jehovah! all nations may know.

SONG.—MRS. SECOND.—*Saul.*

In ſweeteſs harmony they liv'd,
Nor death their union could divide;
The pious ſon ne'er left is father ſide,
But him defending bravely died,
A loſs too great to be ſurviv'd.

CHORUS.

O fatal day! how low the mighty lie!
O Jonathan, how nobly didſt thou die,
For thy King and Country ſlain;
For thee my brother Jonathan, how great is my diſtreſs,
What languiſh can my grief expreſs:
Great was the pleaſure I enjoy'd in thee,
And more than women's love to me:
O fatal day! how low the mighty lie!
Where is thy glory fled;
Spoil'd in thy arms, and ſunk in infamy,
How can'ſt thou raiſe again thy drooping head.

SONG.—MR. NIELD.—*Anthems.*

O come let us worſhip and fall down, kneel before the Lord our Maker.
For he is the Lord our God, and we are the ſheep of his paſture, and the people of his hands.

CHORUS.—*Belshazzer.*

O glorious Prince, thrice happy they,
Born to enjoy thy future ſway.

RECITATIVE.—MRS. SHEPLEY.—*Saul.*

Already ſee the Daughters of the land, in joyful dance with inſtruments of muſic, come to congratulate your victory.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Welcome, welcome mighty King,
Welcome all who conqueſt bring.
Welcome David, warlike boy,
Author of our preſent joy.
Saul, who haſt thy thouſands ſlain,
Welcome to thy friends again.

David his ten thouſand ſlew,
Ten thouſand praiſes are his due.

RECIT. *Accompanied.*—MR. MEREDITH.

What do I hear? Am I then ſunk ſo low, to have this upſtart boy preferr'd before?

CHORUS.

David his ten thouſand ſlew,
Ten thouſand praiſes are is due.

RECIT. *Accompanied.*—MRS. SECOND.

Ye ſacred Prieſts, whoſe hands ne'er yet were ſtain'd
With human blood, why are ye thus afraid
To execute my father's will? The call
Of heav'n with humble reſignation I obey.

SONG.

Farewell ye limpid ſprings and floods,
Ye flow'ry meads and mazy woods;
Farewell thou buſy world, where reign
Short hours of joy, and years of pain;
Brighter ſcenes I ſeek above,
In the realms of peace and love.

DOUBLE CHORUS.—*Occasional.*

God ſave the King, long live the King, may the King live for ever, hallelujah, Amen.

FINIS.